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THE SCHOLAR

7 AUG 1930

JULY 1930.

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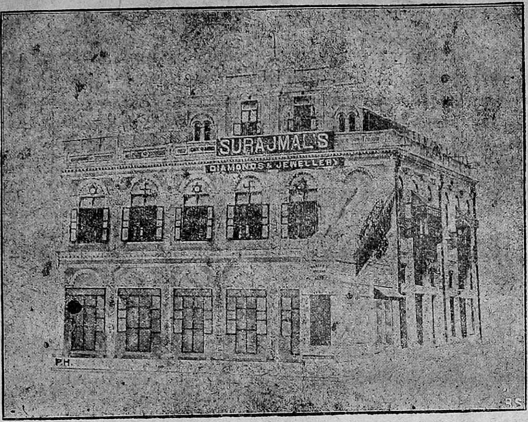

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THE SCHOLAR

VOL. 5 | JULY | NO. 10

RABINDRANATH AS AN EDUCATIONAL REFORMER

BY N. LAKSHMANAN

The life and work of Rabindranath Tagore as a teacher are of much practical interest at the present time. It is our country's great good fortune that Rabindranath is not a mystic with his head for ever in the clouds nor a mere poet living in a palace of art from which the cries of suffering humanity are shut out. He is, on the contrary, a pioneer of the national education movement in India.

Rabindranath has been brought up in an atmosphere of aspiration, aspiration for the expansion of the human spirit. He says:— "We in our home sought freedom of power in our language, freedom of imagination in our literature, freedom of soul in our religious creeds and freedom of mind in our social environment. Just as my father, Maharishi Devendranath, allowed me to wander about the Himalayas at my will, so in the quest for truth he left me free to select my path. My father held up a standard, not a disciplinary rod. I now clearly see that the mistake is to judge boys by the standards of the grown-ups, to forget that a child is quick and mobile like a running stream,

and that in the case of such, any touch of imperfection need cause no alarm, for the speed of the flow is itself the best corrective." Thus, Rabindranath is fully alive to the truth that "restraint and liberty have each their place in the unfolding destiny of human life." He tries to assert his words and works that education has its only meaning and object in freedom — freedom from ignorance about the laws of the Universe, and freedom from passion and prejudice in our communication with the human world.

Rabindranath founded his now-famous school in the year 1901, with only five boys. And twenty years later, he had a three-fold programme.

(1) To concentrate in Santiniketan, in the midst of the Asrama Vidyalaya, the different cultures of the East, especially those that have originated in India or found shelter in her house.

(2) To lay in Sri Niketan the foundations of a happy, contended and humane life in villages.

(3) Finally— Through the Viswabharathi as a whole, to establish a living relationship between East and West, to promote intercultural and interracial amity and understanding and thus fulfil the highest mission of the present age—the unification of mankind.

It is important to note that up to this time, Rabindranath is ploughing a lonely furrow; and acting up to his own song: "If nobody follows thee, go thou forward *alone*." But his faith in his life's work, his educational mission is undiminished. Children are his inspiration and the fountain of youth is hidden in his heart.

Rabindranath, by his life and work, has taught us the lesson that "we must seek for our inheritance, and with it buy our true place in the world." This is his consistent attitude; as long ago as 1893, he wrote to a Bengali friend, "Till we can justify ourselves we should hide ourselves." In his evidence before the Calcutta University Commission, Prof. Trivedi selected the following traits as being characteristic of education in Ancient India.

(1) Identification with religious belief,

(2) Pursuit of knowledge for its own sake,

(3) Admission of the poor to learning,

(4) The personal tie between the Guru and the Sishya,

(5) Freedom from detailed control by Government.

All these traits are found in Rabindranath's educational institutions.

When years ago Mr. Ramsay Macdonald visited Santiniketan, he asked Rabindranath why Government grant was not acceptable. "They would have made my boys sit on benches" said Rabindranath with a quiet smile, "whereas I think it far better that they should sit on mats under the trees." The question of students and politics is yet a burning topic of the day, so far as the official sytem of education is concerned. But Rabindranath has faced this problem with characteristic courage and wisdom. During my short stay in Santiniketan, the martyrdom of Swami Shraddhanand, sending of Indian troops to China, South African letters from Deenabandhu Andrews were the topics of discussion in the Visvabharati Sammaleni. In this connection, it is important to remember that Rabindranath is the inspirer and chief apostle of the Greater India Society. Thus his students are receiving what Swami Vivekanada described as *man-making* education. They are taught by precept and practice "never to disown the poor, nor to bend the knees before insolent might."

It is interesting to note that in such a purda ridden province as Bengal, Rabindranath has introduced a carefully planned system of co-education. Competent observers assure us that the Santiniketan boy is much less sex-conscious and much less sex-susceptible than his brother school fellows elsewhere in Bengal. While Rabindranath has a lofty conception of womanhood, he seems to favour "the functional view" of education. Rabindranath knows fully well that institutional care is, after all only a poor substitute for the loving care of the mother in home life. So he has provided facilities for the little inmates of the *Asram* to come into living contact with the elder members of *the Nari Bhavan*.

His Excellency Lord Irwin, in speaking to the members of the Delhi Fine Arts Society, observed that Indian Art, standing firmly on its own feet is now in a position to make a deliberate choice of such elements as the West has to offer it and to decide which it will adopt and which it will reject. Modern India owes this great power of choice to the pioneer work of Rabindranath and the other gifted members of the Tagore family. The Kala Bhavan or the School of Arts is in charge of Babu Nandalal Bose. I found him assisting Rabindranath in staging the poet's latest drama known as the *Natir Pooja*. Rabindranath himself appeared on the stage in the role of *Upali* a Buddhist monk. Nandalal Bose's daughter played the part of *Sreemati*, the palace dancing girl. Upali does not accept the offerings of the princesses, but receives alms from Sreemati and blesses her. Lokeswari, the Queen Mother, asks half in bitterness and half in derision:

> This dancing girl your teacher ? That is indeed where this religion leads us. The fallen shall come with the message of salvation ! So Sreemati blossoms into a saint ?

Now, *Sreemati sings as she dances*.. Here and throughout the play, Rabindranath has given us the correct and practical method of rescuing the arts of music and dancing from unworthy women and unwholesome surroundings. With characteristic courage, he is planning to teach Dancing to his girl students and he told me that his pilgrimage to Java has only reinforced his resolve to try the experiment in his own school.

Rabindranath is a pioneer in rural reconstruction in India. Sri-Niketan is his rural centre. Through this institute, the educated youths are taught how to discharge their debt of gratitude to the toiling, voiceless villagers. Communal troubles are, in Rabindranath's opinion, a relic of barbarism. His remedy is more education or rural reconstruction. He has years ago solved the problem of Medium of instruction in High Schools. He has established what Prof. Ramalinga Reddy has termed *an Educational Adwaita*. Prof. Reddy has pointed out that Bengal, where the vernacular is most developed, is not, and has never been, revivalistic ; Rabindranath himself has elaborated his

ideas on the subject. Again, his attitude towards Western culture and Science is equally correct.

Just as the award of the Nobel Prize set the seal of international recognition on Rabindranath the Poet Laureate of Asia, the Canadian National Council of Education and the Hibbert Trust have recently brought in to bolder relief Rabindranath's place and function as an educational reformer. The founder of the Eastern University has declared that education should be like a nest and not like the cage. His booklet, *The Parrot's Training*, reveals the fact that he is a born teacher. Professor Geddes (to whom he has dedicated this booklet) says that John Dewey is today perhaps the world's foremost type of teacher and psychologist in one. In the second volume of his book *The Foundations of Education*, Professor Findlay institutes an interesting comparison between Rabindranath and the American thinker Dewey. He writes: " No two types more remote from each other could be named, yet they are united by practical experience of child life which bridges the chasm between East and West ." After visiting the poet's school, Mr. J. A. Spender wrote as follows :—" There is unfortunately only one Santiniketan, and, so far as Europe knows, only one Rabindranath Tagore. But the experiment is on a sufficient scale to show capacities which must be latent in large parts of India ."

It has been said that Rabindranath has found that poise and calm of spirit which are perhaps his chief gifts to the world, judged as teacher rather than as poet Rabindranath's Viswabharati is not a mere University, but a *Tapovana* from where we hear India's old—new chant of Santam, Sivam, Adwaitam.

The Plaintiff's Case.

Judge: You say you are suing this man because he did not blow his horn before he ran into you.

Plaintiff: I did not say he didn't blow his horn. I said I couldn't hear it. His blamed old car rettled too much.

— *Law Students Helper*.

HIRANAND, THE MORAL LEADER OF MODERN SIND

BY T. L. VASWANI

July 14! A sacred day in the calendar of Young India. On the 14th of July 1892 passed away a patriot who was a saint, Sadhu Hiranand of Sind

With affectionate reverence do I bring at his feet my little flowers, year after year. And in the struggle and tumult of these days, my thoughts have gone out to him again and again.

For at his feet I learnt the truth that true freedom is not won without *sadhana*,—the power of simplicity and self-control, —the power of the soul.

There is an inner kingdom,—a kingdom of souls. To this Hiranand bore witness. To this has India borne witness in all the vital periods of her history.

And India must discover herself, the ideals adored by her sages through the ages.

In this self-discovery, the recovery by India of her own self, is the secret, as I understand it, of Swaraj.

We talk of swadeshi as though it was a discovery of our day! Hiranand was always clad in plain Sindhi homespun.

We talk of liquor-boycott. Over a generation ago he began in Hyderabad an anti-liquor campaign. And he had no crowds to cheer him. I know some flung mud and stones at him. But he went about doing good. Neither in his Swadeshi nor his temperance campaign was there the least element of bitterness or hate to the "stranger" or to any of those who would not see eye to eye with him.

We talk of national education. Hiranand founded the Academy inspired by the noblest national ideal. And he took not a rupee from the school funds for himself. He lived and laboured for others. And he did not train students for material

success: he taught them to express life. He trained the impulses of his pupils not by repression but by the spiritual power of sympathy and love. And the one idea he tried in many ways to impress upon us was that education was meant for service,—the service of society, the service of the poor and lowly.

We talk of women's awakening. Hiranand's whole heart went out in sympathy with her and he had a programme of education for girls.

His patriotism was of the purest love. He loved the poor and served the sick, with singular devotion. It was in the fitness of things that the Leper Asylum in Karachi was linked up with his blessed name. Studying his life I have again and again been reminded of St. Francis of Assisi and of the Japanese patriot, Sonotoku.

The secret of greatness! Let Hiranand speak for himself. When a member of *The Eagle's Nest* in Calcutta, he kept a journal in which he wrote :—"Father! May I ever aspire to be Thy faithful child!" In another passage he wrote :-"What do you mean to do in life? To win praise and applause? No!" And he proceeds to interpret his dominant aspiration in the words :-"To sacrifice!" And he sacrificed all he had and was in the service of Sind. He died in 1892 at the early age of 30. He died,—a servant of the poor, and a servant of the young. He served patients in hospitals and the cholera-stricken in Hyderabad. He went to poor women and widows to succour them. He sowed in the hearts of students the seed of new education.

His pure gentle life was radiant with a rich light,—the light of simplicity, humility and faith in God, the Great Builder of our national destiny. It was the light of a spirit-filled life. I verily believe Hiranand received the gift of the Holy Spirit. Therefore he became a creator of new life in Sind. And my prayer to God in these days has been :-"O Lord of Life and Love! Give to Sind more such spirit-filled men and women, more such children of the Hidden Life,—the children of Light and love!"

FLOWERETS
(Continued)

1) Songs fill the breath of the Koel, soft bloom the trees,
Wild dream the school-folk, for April is on the Breeze!

2) The Sun hath shone the lotus thro' and shut,
Now mine the lamp of love lit in thy hut.

3) The raven at dawn sat ruffling down her dew,
The rose beneath fast decked herself anew.

4) The moon stood gazing at her beauty in the stream,
Endymion stirred, she veild her face as in a dream!

5) A summer cloud came sailing, the hill grove sighed—
She filled the grove, gave birth to Arethuse and died!

6) The poet lay singing with a book of verse,
Nymph nature tripped from the woods and kissed him hers!

7) Sunkissed the dew-drop glows and decks the flower,
Blows mind a bride when learning lights her bower.

8) With dots and lines at dawn the house-wife decks
her doors complete,
With stars dame night bedecks the Heaven's floors
all incomplete!

9) Science sighs to man, 'a speck in the starry Universe!'
Mind whispers, 'I am child of God with thee my nurse!'

10) With the Xray of science man fathoms the heart
of the earth,
By tapas the sage finds God through life and death.

R. Balakrishnan, B.A., L.T.

THE DIGGER AND HIS METHODS

BY DUNCAN GREENLEES, M.A. (OXON)

(Continued from previous issue.)

A Discovery.—Many an ancient relic, when found after the lapse of ages, is so injured by the effect of time or damp or the destructive salt that is everywhere inherent in Egypt's soil, or eaten away by white ants, that it cannot possibly be removed intact. Then the explorer melts some paraffin over his spirit lamp and pours it gently on the wounded object; such first-aid attention congeals it into a solid lump of wax, antiquity and sand so that it may be safely touched and carried—for later treatment in the museum "hospital". Otherwise the record of many a dainty design in beadwork and many a list of names and titles on an almost perished coffin lid must be lost. Great delicacy of touch is needed in such work as this where, perhaps, the slightest breath will crumble all to powder, or a finger's weight break through a-seemingly-solid block of painted wood. And skill in engineering, too, is needed when a great sarcophagus of stone is to be lifted up a deep and narrow pit without chipping on the crooked rocky walls.

Then in the evening of every day the gangs bring up their finds in baskets, and they are assessed for *bakhshish*, while the hot and dusty archaeologist assistants pour on themselves the cooling waters of the Nile, carried perhaps on camels to the desert Camp, and weariness gives way to delicious freshness before the sunset stroll and the social gathering at supper when the day's work is reviewed and plans for the next drawn up.

At the season's close, arrears of work are swiftly cleared away, and a message to the Government arranges for the annual inspection whereat the Committee picks what is required for the great Museum at Cairo, and gives the rest away to the Expedition. Then all are carefully packed in straw and grass, each with its catalogue number written on it in Indian ink, and forwarded in heavy packing-cases to their destinations.

On the last day of the work in Egypt the Quftis gather round their *mudir*, and at a concert or a coffee party bid farewell in the hopes of another year together. Final greetings are exchanged in the village station platform as the train steams northward to Cairo and to civilisation, and a little regretful longing for the free and happy life left behind him in the desert usually accompanies the archaeologist as he mingles once again with the crowds of city life. Another year has passed, with its joys and jokes, its flies and sand, its excitements and disappointments, its sterile spots and its unexpected treasure-fields.

Then in long halls in foggy, rainy London, before the final distribution of the gathered loot, Sir Flinders Petrie, Father of Archaeology, and many other parties also, holds an exhibition which proves one of the events in the summer season. And then at last the work of publication, shirked by some because of its unromantic labour, and yet as important as any other in his life, absorbs the time of the Archaeologist for many months. Photographs and drawings are made into blocks, and a liberal selection printed to scale, full maps and plans of the excavation, and a description and summarised journal of all that has been done and learned, classifying and studying the objects found and deducing their significance, these at least must find a place in the published annals of the Society of University's work. Thus alone may we repay our debt to the dead who have given us our means of life.

The Man.–Thus the true Archaeologist is a father to his men, guarding their health, showing interest in their troubles, judging justly in their disputes, strict and firm, yet tender, in order to awaken their rich loyalty and finest work. He is ceaselessly active himself, not spurning manual labour if the need arise, changing swiftly from the survey of a tomb to the preservation of a papyrus and its deciphering, from the mending of a pot in a thousand chips to the building up on scientific evidence of unwritten history. He is eager in his search, swift to observe the minutest scrap of evidence and to discriminate between the trivial and the important, grasping the true significance of each and able to relate it to the others in a living chain of cause and

effect. He is healthy and has a boundless sense of humour, for many are the discomforts and disappointments of his life, and the enforced intimacy with his colleagues may roughen tempers before the season ends at last in harmony restored. He is a bit of an artist, too, for much drawing comes his way, where accuracy and boldness of outline are essential. He is a linguist, too, for he knows the various languages of the land, both past and present, and is able to speak fluently with his men. He is well trained in the history of the land and in the knowledge of what Archaeology has already done there, and able to recognise the varied rocks and materials, grains and flowers used in ancient times. If he can also estimate the age at which the buried man or woman died and identify wounds upon the skeleton, signs of disease, and racial characteristics,—if he can add Anatomy and Ethnology to his mental outfit,—so much is he the better Archaeologist. Lastly, he is not devoid of that innate historic sense which enables the trained and disciplined imagination to fit the scattered parts into one fine organic whole, to reconstruct the perished scenes of ancient life, of which few fragments only now remain, in all their original brightness. For without these he wanders lost in a maze or forest of useless facts, unable to add a thing to the knowledge or the wealth of men.

Such is the born Archaeologist, and though few may attain the splendour of the ideal, such is the goal to which apprentices in one of the youngest of our sciences must aspire.

Body is the boat by which we must cross the river of life. Forgiveness is the oar, by which it is to be propelled. Truth is the ballast that is to steady it. The practice of righteousness is the rope for dragging it along difficult waters; and the wind to urge its sail onwards is charity.

Mahabharata.

THE MESSAGE OF INDIA IN THE GITANJALI

BY S. SIVARAMAN, M. A., L. T.

In the East and in the West, wherever Dr Rabindranath Tagore goes, he is welcomed and listened to. What is the secret of his attraction? It is that after the carnival of materialism led the peoples to the Great Death Dance of 1914, they long to seek God and live with Him and that in Rabindranath Tagore they find a messenger of His. The Indian poet exorcises off the body of clay, gets into relation with the soul and talks of God as of One near and dear to Him, just as a person would talk of a beloved master or friend or lover. To be with him is to escape from the prison of the ego, and meet as brothers in the presence of a Beloved One who makes disharmony and conflict impossible.

It was by the same virtue that his Gitanjali captured the people of the West. For in this collection of Poems they came face to face with one who was in ardent quest of God. The poetry of their own country dealt with generally the affairs of the earth, of human love and fortunes. But in the Gitanjali they discovered a strange attitude of life that reminded them of the saints of the bygone ages in their own lands.

The very first paragraph of the very first verse brings the soul face to face with the God and eternity and glories in the play of life. "Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life." As is the first poem so is the last beginning, "in one salutation to Thee, my God, let all my senses spread out and touch this world at my feet."

As for the greatest of India's sons in all ages, the consciousness of God illumines and transmutes all life and the universe just as the light of the sun shines upon and glorifies all Nature. This is the peculiar heritage of India and can exult us and purify us in all the moments of our life. He was not familiar

to the West. Even to the great and far-visioned poet Robert Browning the snail is on the thorn and God is in his heaven though all is right with the world. But to Tagore "the light of His music illumines the world. The life breath of His music runs from sky to sky. The holy stream of His music breaks through all stony obstacles and rushes on." What an intense perception of the Immanence of God!

All that comes is a gift from Him and is welcome. Is it sorrow? "Ah me, what is it I find? What token left of thy love? It is no flower: no spices, no vase of perfumed water. It is thy mighty sword, flashing as a flame, heavy as a bolt of Thunder...... I am ashamed to wear it, frail as I am, and it hurts me when I press it to my bosom. Yet shall I bear in my heart this honour of the burden of pain, this gift of Thine."

Most beautiful and charming in all literature is the picture of Death given by Tagore. Poets have either gloomily wailed of a return to dust to be a feast to the worms or hopefully sung of a flight to bright spaces clothed in living beam borne by angels. Robert Browning's description is one of the best. Says he,

"Fear Death? .. .. ..
I was ever a fighter, so one fight more,
The best and the last!
.. ..
And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, Shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

So Browning's simile is one of eternal joy after a final struggle.

On the other hand the poems on Death by Rabindranath Tagore are replete with an abundance of imagery and a fulness of peace seldom to be read anywhere else. Death is God's messenger and though the night is dark and the poet's heart is fearful, he will worship him placing at his feet the treasure of his heart. On the day when death will knock at his door, he will set before his guest all the sweet vintage of all his autumn days and nights, and all the earnings and gleanings of his busy

life. To him Death is the last fulfilment of life. "The flowers have been woven and the garland is ready for the bride-groom. After the wedding the bride shall leave her home and meet her lord alone in the solitude of night."

The poet lives for Him and no other. "They come with their laws and their codes to bind me fast; but I evade them ever for I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands." In another poem he waits weary hours with his poverty for the dowry, dreaming of the sudden splendour of His coming. In another poem still He has played upon his instrument at the world's festival, and asks whether he may go in and see His face and offer him His silent salutation. He wants him, only Him. "Let only that little be left of my will whereby I may feel thee on every side, and come to thee in everything and offer to thee my love every moment."

Of rich variety is the relation in which God is worshipped by him. Christianity is familiar only with the worship of God as the Master or the Father. But in Hinduism God is worshipped in all human relations. He is worshipped not only as a master or a father, but also as a mother, as a friend, as a lover, or as a child. It is said that Sri Ramakrishna verily lived as a woman in order to realize God in the attitude of a lover. The worship of God as a child has been developed to exuberance in Balakrishna and Balasubrahmanya. Our poet Rabindranath Tagore approaches God as master, mother, friend and lover in various moods. The poems in the different attitudes furnish a most interesting study in simile and imagery.

To sum up, the Gitanjali is the greatest modern poetical expression of India's vision of life. It teaches us to live in unbroken consciousness of Him in every moment of our life. It teaches us to recognize his hand in joy and sorrow, and in sunshine and thunder. It teaches us to live for Him and recognize no other code or law. It teaches us to exult in the universe which is a manifestation of him and play the part assigned to us. Following the spirit of the Gitanjali, we shall make a harmony of our lives and not know what discontentment or unhappiness is.

"FIVE FINE DATE-PALMS ARE WE"

An Elegy by A. Sankara Poduval

Five fine date-palms in blooming health are we!
All in the prime of life, from cares quite free!
Old Sealy dear, it was who planted us
All teachers and the students petted us!

The cynosure of all the neighbouring eyes,
Held sacred by the Jews, and Muslims wise!
We have lived to see the College grow
From start to finish, we have shared the show!

And yet, we five date-palms in perfect health,
Stand doomed to die an undeserved death!

How many couples in the moonlit night
With arms entwined in Love, and sweetly tight,
In rapt'rous mirth, have here, beguiled their time
Beneath our shade, in walk, and talk, sublime!

But we fine five date-palms in blooming health
For no wrong done by us stand doomed to death!

How many youths have found inspiration
And realised their lives' aspiration!
How many loit'rers found recreation
Joy and solace, at this weird station!

Ernakulam, the Venice of the East
Needs no remodelling, here, at least!
Why then, should we, date-palms, in youth and health,
Reminders of the Past be, doomed to death?

Old ways are changed, and hallowed relics gone!
New-fangled airs, this town must now put on!
The native simplicity of this place
In present craze, make room, for painted grace!

Adieu! Dear College! we don't rue this haste,
Since we, can't shift to Anappara waste,
Five young and well-beloved palms are we
We find no one disposed to file a plea!

No qualms of conscience, and regard, we see
In the mandate of the Powers that be,
To cut and kill us, we are quite at sea!
Five lovely palms of, good old days, are we!

Life comes of Death, and we're devoid of fear!
For ill portends all things we hold too dear!
Five fine date-palms are we, in blooming health,
Who, for fashion's sake stand doomed to death!

KAMALAKANTA IN THE WITNESS BOX*

BY BANKIM CHANDRA CHATTERJI

Translated from the Bengali

BY KAVASSERI SHIVARAMAKRISHNAN

No news was heard of the confirmed opium eater Kamalakanta for many days. I made many enquiries, but quite accidentally I saw him one day in the Magistrate's Court. He was chewing tobacco with closed eyes at the foot of a tree. I thought the Brahmin must have succumbed to temptation and stolen opium from somebody's box——I was sure Kamalakanta would not steal any other thing. A black-shirted constable was standing by him. I did not remain there long: who knows that Kamalakanta won't ask me to go bail for him! I remained at a distance, waiting to see what would happen.

A little while after his name was called. Then a policeman took him into the court brandishing a cane. I followed cautiously behind. After hearing a word or two I could understand what the matter was.

The judge was seated on his chair as usual. He was an indigenous representative of justice, a Deputy in status and power. Kamalakanta was not the accused but a witness. The crime: theft of a cow; complainant: our well-known cowherdess Prasanna.

Kamalakanta was made to fill the witness box. He began to smile softly. The clerk asked threateningly, "Why do you laugh?"

Kamalakanta joined both his palms and asked, "Baba, in whose fields have I grazed that you put me in this cage?"

That grave gentleman the clerk did not understand him. He twisted his beard and said, "This is not the place for *tamasha*. Recite the oath."

Kamalakanta said, "Have it read, Sir."

Then a man began to instruct him.

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* A previous article on Kamalakanta appeared in The Scholar for August 1929.

"Say, 'I, before the Almighty Himself...........' "

Kamal: (astonished). What shall I say?

Clerk: Don't you hear? 'Before the Almighty himself........

Kamal: 'Before the Almighty Himself'! What perdition!

The judge saw that the witness was making some trouble and asked, "Why perdition?"

Kamal: I'll have to say that I am before the Almighty himself?

Judge: What's the harm? That's the form of the oath.

Kamal: Your worship should of course know. Yet, one might or might not speak a small falsehood or two in the course of evidence, but is it right to begin it with a huge lie, I ask?

Judge: Where's the question of a lie here?

Kamalakanta thought within himself, "If you had so much intelligence would you have been promoted to this post?" But only said aloud, "Your honour, I have a small notion that none can see the Almighty before him. It may be due to a defect in my eye or anything, but I have not yet been able to see Him before me. Probably you can, with the spectacles of the Law on the nose—but how can I say 'Before the Almighty Himself' when I can't see Him anywhere in this house?"

The plaintiff's counsel was in a rage. His time was precious, as every minute of it would bring him forth rupees, and this beggar of a witness was defrauding him of it! He burst out, "Mr. Witness, won't it be good if you reserve your theological lecture for the Brahmo Samaj? Persuade yourself to follow the law here, please."

Kamalakanta turned towards him. He smiled blandly and said, "I suppose you are a lawyer."

The Vakil smiled and asked, "How did you know?"

"Quite easy. I just looked at your thick chain and soiled coat. So, sir! This theological lecture is not for you gentlemen. I admit you see the Almighty face to face when the Day of Judgment arrives.

The vakil got up enraged and addressed the court in English, "I ask the protection of the Court against the insults of this witness." And the court anwered, "O, Baboo! the witness is your own witness, and you are at liberty to send him away if you like."

Now, if Kamalakanta were to be sent away, the plaint would not be established, so the vakil Baboo had no other go but to keep silent. And Kamalakanta thought the Judge was not at all like that outcaste, the renegade—Pal.

The Judge saw the trend of things and ordered the clerk, "The witness has some objection against an oath. Give him simple affirmation." Whereupon the clerk addressed Kamalakanta, "Well, leave off all that. Say, 'I promise'—say!"

Kamal: Is it not well if I say it after knowing what I am to promise?

The clerk turned to the Judge and said, "Your honour, the witness is a great bluffer!"

The vakil Babu bawled out, "very obstructive!"

Kamalakanta (to the vakil): The policy of getting a blank paper signed may answer well outside the court, I know. Will it answer within also?

Vakil: Who asks you to sign a blank paper?

Kamal: Promising without knowing what one has to promise and signing a paper without knowing what is written in it come to the same thing.

The Judge again instructed the clerk, "Read out the promise first to him. No use of this shilly—shallying".

Clerk: Hear. You will have to say, 'I promise that whatever evidence I give will be the truth. I will not hide anything. I will not say anything but the truth.'

Kamal: *Om madhu madhu madhu!**

Clerk: What's that now?

Kamal: Go on, I shall say it.

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*A vedic *mantra* meaning 'yes, sweet, sweet, sweet!' One occasion on which it is said is when a good feast has been spread and the brahmins are about to fall to.

Kamalakanta then repeated the affirmation without any more to-do. The man of law got up to examine him and said, reddening his eyes, "Don't be naughty again. Answer truthfully whatever I ask and leave off all other nonsense."

Kamal: I will have to answer only what you ask? And won't be allowed to say anything else?

Vakil: No.

Kamalakanta turned to the Judge and said, "And they made me say I wouldn't hide anything! Your honour will excuse my presumption. I wanted to attend a *yatra** that was to be held in the village today. The wish has been fulfilled even here. I am the actor in the *yatra*, Vakil Babu is its manager. I will have to say what he wants me to say; I won't say what he doesn't. What he won't ask me to say will perforce remain hidden. Your honour will not charge me with acting against the terms of my affirmation."

Judge: Anything that you consider necessary you can say even if you are not asked.

Kamalakanta salaamed him and said, "Very good." The vakil resumed his examination and asked, "what is your name?"

Kamal: Mr. Kamalakanta Chakravarti.

Vakil: What's your father's name?

Kamal: That throws immense light on the case before the court, doesn't it?

The vakil was enraged. He said, "All this is contempt of court, your honour" The court was not entirely displeased on seeing the lawyer's plight and replied, "He is your own witness." The gentleman could only turn to Kamalakanta and say, "Tell me. You *have* got to tell me."

Kamalakanta gave out his father's name.

Vakil: What caste are you?

Kamal: Am I a caste?

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* Village Play.

Vakil: What *jati* do you belong to?*

Kamal: The Hindu *jati*.

Vakil: Ah! What *varna**

Kamal: A horrible black.

Vakil: What witnesses they *do* bring!

The judge saw that it would not come the Vakil's way and asked, "There are different castes of Hindus like Brahmin, Kayastha, Kaivartha—you know. What are you among these?"

Kamal: Your honour, it is the vakil's audacity. He sees the sacred thread on my shoulder, I have given my name as Chakravarti,—how am I to know that he cannot recognise my caste even then?

The judge took down, "caste, Brahmin" and the Vakil continued, "What's your age?"

Kamalakanta looked at the clock in the courtroom, calculated and answered, "51 years, 2 months, 13 days, 4 hours, 5 minutes

Vakil: Hell! Who asked you the minutes and hours?

Kamal: Why did you make me affirm that I wouldn't conceal anything?

Vakil: Do anything you like! I can't do anything with you. Where do you reside?

Kamal: I have no residence.

Vakil: Say, where is your house?

Kamal: Let alone a house, I have not even a hut.

Vakil: Then where do you dwell?

Kamal: Anywhere.

Vakil: But you must have a place of resort?

Kamal: I had, when there was Nashi Babu. But that's over

Vakil: Where are you now?

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* Untranslatable Puns. The first word the lawyer tried means caste as well as race; the second, caste as well as colour.

Kamal: Why, in this same court.

Vakil: Where were you yesterday ?

Kamal: In a shop.

Judge: (to Vakil)—No use of chasing the wild goose. I have taken down 'no residence'. Then ?

Vakil: (to Kamal)—What is your profession ?

Kamal: What should I profess indeed ? Am I a Vakil or a harlot to have a profession ?

Vakil: Say, how do you eat ?

Kamal: Mix rice and *dal* well together, take a ball of it in the right hand, and send it down the throat.

Vakil: Where do those rice and *dal* come from ?

Kamal: If the good Lord sends them, they come; if not, they don't.

Vakil: Do you earn anything ?

Kamal: Not even a pice.

Vakil: You have been stealing, then ?

Kamal: Had it been so, I would have entreated your help long ago. You would have secured a share of the booty, too.

The man of law then gave it up as entirely hopeless and told the court, "I don't want this witness. I can't examine him."

At this juncture the plaintiff Prasanna stepped into the Vakil's shoes. She said, "This witness cannot be sent off. This Brahmin will tell the truth, I know; he never speaks falsehood. You don't know how to question him. That is why he behaves so. What's that Brahmin's profession, indeed! He wanders about for a meal, eating now in this house and now in that; and you ask him, 'Do you earn anything ?' What will he say ?"

The vakil thereupon told the judge, "Your honour will take down: 'Profession, begging.'

Now was Kamalakanta moved to anger. "What! Kamala kanta Chakravarti lives by begging!! I can swear on the holiest-

things and declare unhesitatingly: "I have never begged even a pice from anybody."

Prasanna could not contain herself. She asked, "What is this, master ? You have never begged opium and eaten ?"

Kamalakanta retorted, "Off with you, cowherd's lass! As if opium were a pice! I have never begged even a pice of anybody."

The magistrate smiled and asked, "What shall I write, Kamalakanta ?"

Kamalakanata at once softened and said, "You can write, 'Profession : accepting invitations to Brahmin feasts'". Every one laughad—the judge wrote it down.

The man of law then resumed the case. He asked, "Do you know the complainant ?"

Kamal : No.

Prasanna gasped, "What, sir! You have used my milk and curds so long, and now you say you don't know me!"

Kamal : I don't say that I am not acquainted with your milk and curds. I can easily distinguish your milk and curds. When I see three measures of water in one measure of milk, I can at once recognise it as the cow-herdess Prasanna's milk. When I see a sample of curds lighter than buttermilk, I am sure it must be Prasannamayi's curds. I don't know your milk and curds ?

Prasanna turned the point thus, "you can recognise my milk and curds, and you can't recognise me ?"

Kamal : Who has been able to know the race of woman, sister ? Especially when she is a cowherdess ?

The Vakil resumed, "It is clear that you recognise the complainant,—what kind of relations have you with her ?

Kamal : Not a fool; who can be a vakil without being so clever ?

Vakil : What cleverness did you find in me ?

Kamal : You want to bring out a relation between a Brahmin and a cowherdess.

Vakil: Is it impossible? Who can say that you are not her foster son?

Kamal: Not hers; say rather her cow's.

Vakil: It is clear that you have some dealings with the complainant. Why not say so in plain words and be done with it? Why do you give so much trouble? Now, what do you know about this case?

Kamal: I know that you are the vakil in this case, Prasanna is the complainant, I am the witness, and that man is the accused.

Vakil: Not that. What do you know about the theft of the cow?

Kamal: Even my father and grand-father know nothing about the theft of any cow. Will you teach me the art? I have such need of milk and curds.

Vakil: Ah say, have you seen the theft of the cow?

Kamal: I saw it once. A cow of Nashi Babu's ....

Vakil: What a bother! Tell me, when cowherdess Prasanna's cow was stolen, did you see it?

Kamal: No. Was the poor thief so senseless as to call and keep me as witness and then steal? If that were so, it would have been so convenient to you as well as to me.

Prasanna, finding that her paying the vakil had been fruitless so far, murmured in his ear, deciding to take the matter into her own hands, "this Brahmin is not the witness for all that. He can merely recognise the cow."

The vakil then got his moorings. He roared out his question "Do you recognise the cow?"

Kamalakanta smiled sweetly and said, "Yes, I do. Else, would I have talked so freely with you?"

The judge, finding that the witness was making it too much of a farce, ordered, "Keep all that to yourself." Prasanna's black cow could be seen tethered in front of the court. Looking that side, the Deputy Babu questioned, "Do you recognise that cow?"

Kamalakanta joined his palms in obeisance and asked, "Which cow, O Incarnation of Justice?"

Judge: Why which cow? Are there more than one to be seen?

Kamal: Your honour sees one, I see many.

The judge was disgusted, but asked again, "Don't you see this black one?"

Kamalakanta did not look at the black cow, but turned to the vakil with his black outfit and inquired, "This black one is also stolen property?"

The judge could no more put up with Kamalakanta's puerility and ordered, "You are greatly hampering the business of the Court. You are fined five rupees for contempt of Court."

Kamalakanta bowed to the ground, salaamed, and said with joined palms, "Very good, your honour. Whose is the responsibility of realising the fine?"

Judge: Why?

Kamal: I shall advise him as to how he is to realise it.

Judge: What is the use of your advice?

Kamal: As it is impossible to realise it from me in this world, I shall ask him if he is prepared to go to the next.

Judge: If you cannot pay the fine you will be put in prison.

Kamal: For how many days, O Incarnation of Justice?

Judge: One month's imprisonment if the fine is not paid.

Kamal: Can it not be two months?

Judge: Why do you want more?

Kamal: The times are hard--invitations to a Brahmin dinner are no longer easy to get. If you will arrange an invitation to Brahmin dinners in the gaol for two months, a poor Brahmin will have been saved.

What is the use of fining or imprisoning such people? The judge laughed and said, "Well, if you answer properly without

creating further trouble, your fine will be forgiven.—Say, do you recognise this cow or not ?"

The judge asked a constable to go to Prasanna's cow and point it out. He did so. The crestfallen man of law asked, "Do you know that cow ?"

Kamal: The horned cow—is it not ?"

Vakil: What do you say ?

Kamal: I said 'the black'—let it go ; I know that horned cow. There has been such unnecessary talk.

Vakil: Whose cow is that ?

Kamal: Mine.

Vakil: Yours !

Kamal: Yes, mine.

Good God ! Prasanna's face withered away. The vakil saw that the case was going to be smashed. Prasanna said, roaring and threatening, "And so, you rogue, the cow is yours !"

Kamal: Whose is it then, if not mine ? I have enjoyed its milk and curds and butter and ghee, and it is not mine. You merely take care of the cow and so it belongs to your father, indeed !

The vakil did not understand all that. He said, "Witness hostile, your honour ! I shall cross him if you give me permission".

Kamal: What ! You will cross me ?

Vakil: Yes, I will.

Kamal: In a boat, or on bamboos tied together ?

Vakil: What's that now ?

Kamal: Goodness ! You have not yet become such a Hanuman as to cross the ocean of Kamalakanta,

Saying this Kamalakanta Chakravarti angrily got down from the box ; the peon caught him and put him in it again. Kamalakanta, baffled, became entirely still and said, "Yes, cross me, sir, do so. I have become an unfathomable sea—anyone

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who likes may jump across– '*apam ivadharam anuttarangam* !*' —Sir vakil, this vast Pacific Ocean won't throw up a wave; you can cross at your sweet will."

The vakil then told the court, "Your honour, this person appears to be a crack and there is no more need to cross him. His evidence will be worthless. Please allow him to be let off."

The court was only too glad to get rid of him, but when he was about to be released Prasanna submitted with joined palms, "May you be pleased--I shall ask him some questions. If he is to be let off, may it be afterwards."

The judge was curious and allowed her. Prasanna turned to Kamalakanta and remarked, "Master, the time for your death is approaching, is it not?"

Kamal: And what if, lass? "*Ajasa'masavat prn'jno vidyn'm neshn'm chn chintnyet.*"‡

Prasanna: Keep your *um bum*--You are ready for death?

Kamal: Well!

Prasanna: Well, first answer me; let it come afterwards.

Kamal: Then ask as quick as you can. I shall also answer as quick as I can.

Prasanna: Tell us, whose is the cow?

Kamal: It belongs to three. In its early age, to the preceptor; in middle age, to women; next, to the later claimants; when kicking the bucket, to none.

Prasanna: But say, whose is this black cow?

Kamal: His who enjoys her milk.

Prasanna: Is she not mine?

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* 'Like the vast receptacle of waters throwing up not a single wave.' (Kalidasa, *Kuma'ra Sambhava*, cant III.) It will be remembered that Kamalakanta was well versed in Sanskrit and English.

‡ A parody of a well-known verse dear to Sanskrit anthologists. It may be rendered, 'A wise man should garner in knowledge and opium as if he had no old age and death'! The original verse has 'vidyam artham cha', 'knowledge and wealth', but all the wealth that Kamalakanta cared for was opium!

Kamal: You, lass, have never drunk a drop of her milk. You sell it to your death. How can she be yours? If she be, the money of the Bengal Bank is mine, too. Give up, my girl, give up the cow to the thief. Let the poor man drink her milk and live.

The judge saw that the two were talking too much and making a fish market of the court. He threatened both and took up the examination in his hands.

" Prasanna sells the milk of this cow?"

Kamal: Yes, your honour.

Judge: This cow stands in her cow-shed?

Kamal: This cow, and at times I too.

Judge: She feeds her?

Kamal: Her and me too.

At this juncture the complainant's vakil said, " My point has been established; I don't want to examine him further," and sat down. The the vakil of the accused stood up, and Kamalakanta questioned him, " Who are you, now?"

A's Vakil: I shall cross you on behalf of the accused.

Kamal: One man has already crossed and gone, and now you have come like Kumar Bahadur.

A's Vakil: Who is Kumar Bahadur?

Kamal: You don't know that prince? First Mr. Hanuman crossed, in the *Treta* age; Then crossed Kumar Bahadur.*

A's Vakil: Keep all that. You said that you recognised the cow. How did you do it?

Kamal: Sometimes by the horns, sometimes by the black colour.

The vakil was furious; he struck the table and roared " Away with your madness--how were you able to recognise this cow?"

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* Meaning, Angada son of Bali.

Kamal: By this same cry, '*hamba* !'

The vakil was in despair. He said, "Hopeless!" and sat down. Kamalakanta asked him meekly, "Why do you kick the bucket, brother?"

Seeing that the cross-examination was over, the judge released Kamalakanta who fled at once with a sigh of relief. I postponed my business and came out, to find Kamalakanta seated, hookah in hand, with a crowd of people around him. Prasanna was also there. He was denouncing her. "If you don't give up the cow to the thief, a curse on your Mangala, on your milk, on your buttermilk, on your everything!" he was saying.

I enquired, "Mr. Chakravarti, why should she deliver the cow to the thief?"

Kamalakanta replied, "In ancient times King Shyenajit told a Brahmin, 'My son, of the owner of the cow and the thief, he who enjoys her milk is her rightful claimant. For any other to put a claim on her is mere mockery.'† Such was Bhishmadev Thakur's Hindu Law; such again is Europe's International Law today. If you want to be civilized and prosperous, steal and eat. *Go* in Sanskrit means the cow and the earth. Both are to be enjoyed by thieves. From Sikander to Ranjit Singh, every thief bears out this fact. If the Right of Conquest be a right, is not the Right of Theft a right too? And so, O cowherdess named Prasanna, act according to the law. Follow historical politics. Give up the cow to the thief."

Saying this Kamalakanta went away from the place. I found that the man was excited in the extreme.

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† Mahabharata Shanti Parva. Ch. 174.

On Retired Officials

BY R. BANGARUSWAMI AYYANGAR, B. A.

A retired official is like a square man in a round hole. Sometimes he is not even square but oblong. It is indeed a pity that he is so; but there is no helping such a state of affairs. All of us have to submit to the Law of the Inevitable, whether we will or no. There is practically no question of our volition at all.

Why do retired officials feel like fish out of water? Because they are out of their elements, out of joint, out into vacancy where life for them beats with a dull monotonous thud, without zest, without power or prestige. The pale halo, the hazy light that has invested them with a degree of importance in the eyes of a few individuals has suddenly vanished. And the retired official all at once feels the enveloping darkness even before he has time to realise the change that has come upon him. His words of command to which he had long been accustomed, his shrugs and browbeatings, his silent anger and deep resentments, and much-about-nothings—all go unheeded, uncared for, and unremembered. And in the poignancy of feeling that follows, he feels the crux of his situation, the quietness and the tragedy that lie immersed beneath the surface of the second life that he has entered.

But we have forgotten Grandfather Time. He steps in immediately but exerts his chastening influences slowly, very gently. The retired official gradually gets accustomed to his lot and tries to evolve interest out of a drab existence. How? One way is to invoke Orthodoxy and put on a religious air and make friends with pandits, purohits, and astrologers. It is rather a difficult job especially for one who has long ago bidden good-bye to what little he knew of Religion and religious practices. But these necessity-made, metamorphosed retired gentlemen are often past masters in the matter of routine and so find no difficulty whatsoever in mastering some of the external forms of piety. They continue the farce as a means of

killing time, and stop it only when they come to feel that the show has ceased to interest spectators : and even while indulging in this harmless occupation they do not seem to mind the sarcastic taunts and mischievous jeers aimed at them by the men of the world who as a class would not let any man do what he likes. That's the way of the world and retired officials have got much else to do than attempting the impossible.

Or he may try a business. Why not? Is there any occupation in the world more difficult than quill-driving or putting signatures? The retired official begins by analysing his equipments—physical, mental, moral, financial, and—He starts a trade or industry. Perhaps he succeeds which is more unlikely, or perhaps he fails which is very likely. In any case, no matter. Has not a modern writer said that 'all true success in life is a kind of splendid failure'? Success and failure are but different roads of reaching a common goal.

There are many retired officials who desire to revert to service, preferably in some Zemindary or State. Well-up in all the arts of securing influence they begin an active search for posts that would baffle a young man out of the portals of a university and on the lookout for a career. They exhaust all resources. And somehow or other they enter into some job as Manager, Superviser, Inspector or Superintendent. One really wonders whether these offices have really been created for them, and are maintained just for providing them with suitable posts in the evening of their lives! But they also somehow quit the posts within a short time of entering service. Whether they do not suit the posts or the posts do not suit them, God alone knows.

Retired officials in the role of politicians are interesting figures worth study. As a rule they adopt the virtue of moderation as a golden mean for securing advancement for their country's cause. But only very few take to politics, though all without any exception study the latest news. To many, perhaps, newspaper-reading is the only business, the one all-absorbing occupation. And their method of newspaper-reading is something singular. They do not bother themselves about

what to read and what not to read. Perhaps their mental powers are too feeble for the work of selection and classification. Anyway they make it a point to begin from the very beginning and end with the very end. They leave nothing unread—advertisements, sporting news, trade market. In short, they try to read and reread every printed word in the daily newspaper. Why are newspapers printed if not to be read? and assimilated?

There are some officials who do not retire except by death or disease. They abhor retirement as they would abhor a snake. The insignia of office holds too many charms for them to be given up. Such men are forced to retire by a supreme power which even as Destiny exerts its icy hand on all alike. Bereft of power they seem as though bereft of energy. They confine themselves to books or to some domestic occupation and scarcely even come out. They are like widows, secluded, melancholy, and without hope. Fortunately such men are few. The world will be glad to get rid of them once and for all.

To another class of retired officials, retirement is like taking ticket for a railway journey. They anxiously await the steaming into the station of their life the train of Death. Their days are over and their life-task, ill or good, has been accomplished. And so, why not allow Youth to shape the Future?

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The cause of all power, as of all weakness, is within; the secret of all happiness as of all misery is likewise within.

Alter your outlook upon life, and your outward life will alter.

As in the rankest soil the most beautiful flowers are grown, so in the dark soil of poverty the choicest flowers of humanity have developed and bloomed.

James Allen.

MISS ENAKSHI RAMA RAU

(An Interview)

BY C. H. V. PATHY

Time had not staled the charm of Miss Enakshi Rama Rau, the Indian film star whom I ran to earth at "Morvada" after the lapse of seven months in the last week of January. The last time I met her in Ootacamund she narrated with great gusto some of her thrilling experiences in the production of "Shiraz" which has been acclaimed as the best produced Indian picture and has won a chorus of praise to the central figure in it, Selima, played by Miss Rama Rau, around whose life is woven the elemental romance of Taj Mahal.

"Don't you know that we have produced another picture dealing with an immemorial Indian legend," she asked me, her teeth flashing in a smile. "Yes, I have heard quite a lot about it," I replied.

"Vasantasena,"—for that is the title of the picture produced by Mr. Bhavnani—has all the elements of love, intrigue, jealousy and depicts a vivid splash of life from a slender historical theme of 2,000 years ago. Miss Rama Rau in the title role acts the part of a rich courtesan, who, rising from the debased court life and the degraded morals of the society into which her lot is cast, is saved by her pure love and devotion to Charudutta, a pious Brahmin in the court of Palaka, and ultimately seeks retirement in a monastery. The theme with the glamour and renunciation of the East has a profound appeal to the Indian audience. The period dealt with provides a picturesque setting for a story with more than a spice of adventure. Vasantasena is as lovely as her name—a perfect flower blooming in a bed of weeds. She is a dancer in court life, light of foot but strong of heart who retained in her chequered life something of the innocence of youth.

The rugged grandeur and the stirring magnificence of the Moghul period portrayed in "Shiraz" has given place in this picture to the simple court life of the Hindu King Palaka. It

is said that Mr. Bhavnani has achieved his best production work in " Vasantasena " and that the genuine Indian background with the palaces and temples which he screened for the film have given it an atmosphere that could never have been obtained except in India. During the making of this film, the producers were given every facility for securing the scenes they required and the Mysore Government, especially, helped them a good deal.

This picture which cost two lakhs of rupees and took six months in the making will be edited and shown in Germany. It will have colour effects and synchronised sound and music accompaniment. Mr. Bhavnani will take some Indian artistes to sing and dance in Europe.

Indian film stars are rather of a shy and retiring disposition and are afraid of narrating their life story. But Miss. Rama Rau is the exception. This tiny fragile looking girl with melting eyes, wistful mouth, curly hair and an olive complexion in a rush of perfect English narrated to me for the first time, the chief incidents in her career. She is a Brahmin by birth and the daughter of a retired Indian judge.

" I was passionately fond of the movies and wanted to enter filmdom very early but my parents stood in the way. So I went through the usual monotony of an English education and after a course in an European school joined the Presidency College where I took my B. A. (Hons) degree ."

Opportunity knocked for Miss Rama Rau in a sensational manner. Her breaking into the films reads like a page from romance. "I had left College and was on a holiday with friends in Bombay when I met the producer and director of " Shiraz " A tea--a chat--a few film tests and lo and behold I was offered the heroine's part in that film! I was delighted but had to write home and get permission from my parents. After much trouble--for, I was the first educated girl to break through orthodoxy and convention and think of entering the films--I was given permission ."

Huddled in an unobserved box at the Gaiety Theatre, Madras, she had the thrill of her life to see herself on the screen in " Shiraz ".

A charming personality with a suave voice, she is one of the most fascinating figures I have ever met in my journalistic life. It was in an atmosphere of art that she was born. Music, moonlight, flowers--these are her passions. Her love for carnations is next only to her love for the screen. Unlike the usual lot of Hollywood stars who have to pass through a rugged career, Miss Rama Rau burst into fame right at the start.

In connection with the making of "Shiraz" and "Vasantasena" she has had to travel practically all over India and has profited immensely by her travels. "I find film acting and the various thrills very interesting," she said her eyes lighting up. It requires great courage to fling off a bare-back horse and nearly being swept away by a strong current during a bathing scene or being attacked by an unruly panther which she had to pet in "Vasantasena" and she enjoys thinking of these perilous adventures.

"My ideal in joining films is to raise the standard of film production in India by recruiting male and female actors from cultured circles and I have succeeded to a degree in that almost all the actors and actresses in Vasantasena belong to respectable classes of society. The hero's part is acted by an M. A. of the Punjab University, Mrs. Kamala Chattopadhyaya acting the part of his wife."

Miss Rama Rau has acted in several society stage plays, one in special being a Persian play in five acts called "The Revelation", which she herself has written. An accomplished speaker, she can dance, ride, swim, drive her car, play on the piano and violin and handle a tennis racket with dexterity.

The most romantic episode in her life is her love for Mr. Bhavnani to whom she is engaged. Producer marrying his star. This reminds me of Rex Ingram Alice Feray, Norma Sherar Irwing Malberag and lot of others. But more of that anon.

SACRIFICE

(A short story)

BY SREEMATHY ELAPULLY SAROJANI AMMA

Just when Mr. Raman Nair realised the futility of seeking employment in India, having become thoroughly disgusted with oft-repeated summary replies of 'No Vacancy' (No way-can-see) and 'Disqualifications', the great world war broke out. An unusual stir was in the air and thousands of dashing young men were hastily summoned to the battlefields. Among the recruits to the First Malayalee Regiment, formed at the first outbreak of war, was Mr. Nair. It was a piteous sight to see him bidding farewell to his mother. Tears freely flowed down his cheeks and his faltering voice stuck up in his throat as he whispered a last adieu to her. He left her then with repeated assurances of writing to her too often, promising to come back to her at the earliest possible opportunity.

The regiment, having taken active parts in various campaigns, was finally dispatched to Mesapotamia with instructions to remain encamped at a place about fifty miles to the north of Basrah. Trenches and tents were quickly constructed. So far the regiment met with no difficulty. The movements of the enemy being quite unknown an attack was expected every moment. The commander Mr. Griffiths passed strict orders to keep up vigilant watch. Day and night scores of sentinels were regularly pacing before the entrenchments, straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the enemy. Every soldier had to serve in turn.

One dark night Mr. Nair was 'on duty'. With his cocked-up rifle properly shouldered, and his right hand at the trigger he was cautiously walking round and round the tents. His thoughts flew across the ocean and far beyond to his little home in South Malabar. He visualised the quiet little village and the black pall of darkness enveloping it. Flickering lights could here and there be seen through half-shuttered windows, sending long levelled, stray, beams of light out into the solid gloom—

beaconlights for many a misled and weary home returning wanderer. Mr. Nair had that day sent home the month's salary and drawing out the postal receipt for the remittance, he held it close to his heart. His next thoughts were about his mother. He pictured her sitting near a feeble lamp, counting the rosary and praying for his welfare. He hoped one day to repay all her love tenfold. He bowed down his head before the vision-- praying to the family deity to keep her alive through the long long years to come In solemn adoration, in his heart of hearts, he worshipped her feet. He next saw her retiring to bed--all her thoughts still hovering round her only son. And then his fancy wandered to the house which had sheltered him for several years. Many an early memory rose up before him. He resolved he would hasten to his mother as soon as the leave he had applied for was sanctioned. Again his heart yearned towards her and he determined within himself that once he was able to rush home and meet her he would never never leave his dear dear mother.

A rustling sound suddenly cut short his dreams. He dimly preceived a shadow moving far away in the darkness. He levelled his rifle and asked "Who goes there?" Thrice he repeated the question but no answer was forthcoming. It was his duty to have fired. Instead, he flashed full an electric torch in the direction in which the sound came, but was only able to trace the shadow disappear into the gloom....

An unexpected bugle call at five o'clock in the morning roused up all the sleepers. The soldiers were ordered to assemble instantly before the commander's tent. As they approached the appointed meeting place they saw their lieutenant colonel's mangled body lying on the ground. The news spread like forest fire to those in the rear sending a steel-cold shudder through their whole frame. Speechless they stood transfixed to the ground while their rifles were examined by Mr. Griffiths and the Subadar Major. But all the barrels were clean and smokeless. The commander grew wild. Vehemently stamping the ground with his jack boots he roared out that unless within sixteen hours, the culprit came forward to confess his guilt, the

whole regiment would be transported for ever to the Andamans by court martial decision.

But the Subadar major knew the real spot to be touched. He knew that threats would not produce the desired effect. He called the soldiers together and addressing them, pointed out what a permanent disgrace it would be to the whole Malayalee race, if their very first regiment were found treacherous. Mr. Griffiths, he told them, could easily carry out his threats. "What perpetual infamy—the First Malayalee Regiment condemned to be transported to the Andamans. And this 'on account of one man's crime. Andamans--living death--Life long drudgery on a woebegotten place." He pleaded fervently that at least remembering his companions-at-arms, their wives and their children, the offender should come forward. He appealed to their patriotism, their courage and honesty, and the ties to their dear native land. He knew he had harped on a very delicate chord and felt convinced that somebody would be willing to sacrifice himself for the sake of the unsullied honour of their dear land—the land of their cradle and the land that had in it all the treasures dear to them. But still there was no response.

And as the pensive hours slowly passed unnoticed, each soldier was revolving in his own mind about that inexorable, incorruptible fate, that had thus flung him on a far off land, destined to die a death of dishonour and disgrace, in the dreary dungeons of a dark and distant deep. Slowly, slowly the sinking sun withdrew.

At two minutes to nine o' clock in the evening Mr. Nair stood before the angry commander and boldly said that he had with his own hands murdered the Lieutenant Colonal. A farcical court martial was held and Mr. Nair was sentenced to be hanged to death by the neck. His last request to be shot dead was refused. "That would be a soldier's death," said Mr. Griffiths, "which Mr. Nair did not deserve".

At three o' clock the next morning the bugles rang out fiercely. Every soldier shuddered to think what the call meant

though everyone was ruefully awaiting this rollcall of death. In regular marching order they proceeded to the place of execution—half-a-mile away. This brutal procession stopped in front of the gallows. Every soldier knelt down as Mr. Nair—imperturbed, fearless, calm and unmoved—approached the platform. The court martial decision was read aloud and the hempen noose that dangled in the air, was lowered in vicious circles round his neck as soon as the reading was finished. Every soldier withdrew his gaze from that fearful spectacle and solemnly prayed to God.

"Mother I am coming home to thee" were the last words that escaped Mr. Raman Nair's lips; a jerk and....; just at this moment, in a little home in far off South Malabar, his mother had just risen up from her place of repose—the sweet dreams about her dear child still lingering in her mind as if loth to fade away.

The Universe

Wider than Fancy's fleet and feath'ry flight,
Deeper than conjoured deeps' abysmal space,
Higher than inspiration's lofty sight,
Vaster than Thought of all the mortal Race
Creation is: immeasurable Thing,
Of star and space and silence interfused,
With wisdom bright its darkness lumining
And blazeless orb, of sentient life disused:
O aggregate of master handicraft,
From fiery suns to dwarfed asteroids,
Whose flame of life is kindled by the draught
Of winds ethereal, blown from spirit voids.
Incomprehensible, thou Cosmos bright,
Art boundless wonder lost in smothering light!

Herbert Porter

A Trip to Coorg

BY T. B. KRISHNASWAMI M.A., B.L.

II

Pilgrimage over, one travels to Mercara, the seat of Government and the historic city of the Coorg Rajahs. The Fort walls are still intact; the Rajah's seat from which he gazed at the valley below, is there for you to sit and gaze from; the Rajah's tomb, built in Moslem style still proclaims the glory that has passed away, the grandeur that has vanished from Coorg.

The palace has become a net work of public offices; the balcony from which the Rajah shot down criminals, enjoying human cr inhuman game, is still there and the two large earthenware elephants of baked pottery heavily tarred and painted over still stand on, relics of a time no more to be revived.

Within the Fort Walls is an old Church with its recent roll of honour in memory of those who fell in the Great War and just outside the wall and abutting on it, is the residence of the Commissioner of Coorg.

The Park, the Golf Links, the Downs and the Ongareswara Temple these deserve a visit, particularly the last which is built like a Mohamedan Mosque in Moorish style with a *Nirazhi* or water-surrounded Mantapam of the same type and style.

Mr. Thimmappa Punja, is a planter who owns among other estates the Glenmore Estate of old Planter Hunt. The Estate Mansion is preserved in splendid state. Though of the hunting scenes which Mr. Hunt prized greatly, very few were left behind, the old furniture is still there, reminding the visitors of the antiquity and undoubted respectability of the mansion. The way to Jesse Falls lies through this Estate and a huge Champak tree filled the whole forest with its fragrance when I went there. In spite of threats of malaria, I bathed in the falls and found the bath bracing if not also purifying.

Glenmore Estate is typical of other Coffee Estates and has a pulping station. Whoever has seen it, has seen what is to be seen in one. Monkeys and tigers – strange company – cause havoc from time to time, but man manages to live on and win his profits from the bounty of Nature. The story of a hunter who rushed forth one moonlit night, gun in hand in search of a wild-boar leaving a Romantic friend of his to admire the moonlight, the boar's attack of the star-gazer, the risk he ran of being shot by his friend while aiming at the boar, is interesting as flashing light on the serio-comic side of planting life in Mercara.

Basil Hall's story is also worth recalling.

"On a signal given by the Rajah, a folding door was thrown open on one side of the court and in stalked two immense royal tigers, held by several men on each side by long ropes attached to collars round the animals' necks. I confess I did not much like this degree of propinquity and eyed the slender cordage with some professional anxiety. What degree of training these animals had undergone, I know not, but after a little while, the Rajah probably to increase the surprise of his guest directed the men to let go the ropes and to fall back. Like Falstaff, they seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of the true Prince. But recollecting the rapid movements of these animals, I had several times to edge my chair back a little, for, I could discover nothing which need have prevented them from whipping off the heads of the Rajah and his heir apparent or at all events that of their guest who having no particular claims to the throne of Coorg could reckon on none of the benefits of instinctive respect."

Anyhow everything went on well and the tigers were taken off without any mishap to anyone.

III

I should like to conclude these remarks with a brief description of a typical home-stead and home-life in a typical house of Coorg. I chose one in Karada Village in Kadieth-nad. Coorg is divided into thirty-five nads and Kadieth-nad came to be so called because of the frightful stinging by bees experienced by Tippu's soldiers when attacking this part of the country.

Each family-house stands on a compound or curtilage of its own and has at its fore-front, a place for dancing. Rich houses have a burial ground for their great men attached. Most houses have a ***Kaimada*** or family temple. Only one house was

prohibited from having any since one of its members – Manju Muli by name – is said to be now with the gods in a sense in which others are not. He occasionally revisits the glimpses of the moon, leads dances and when people draw attention to his presence, disappears.

Beyond the dancing ground and burial ground and past the Private temple or ***Kaimadam***, past the sacred Champak tree – Manjapeya Pumara – comes the arched fore-front, a building like a fortification, with rooms above and rooms below and the arched passage between in the centre. Thus are built " the solid gate and the courts about the house."

Passing through this, you come upon an open court-yard with a central pillar of laterite or granite. In olden days when ***peons*** or cattle constituted the wealth of the people, the yard was dedicated to their use and the pillar had a purpose. Later the yard was a threshing ground and now it simply stands there a relic of the past, without any utility, serving not even a symbolic purpose.

The interior of the house is a quadrangle and the rooms are portioned out among the various branches of the family. Some members live in the family house and others migrate and build houses for themselves elsewhere. But all marriages and the like are celebrated at the family house and the family connection and tradition are thus kept up.

Out-houses are often put up to meet such requirements as kitchen, bathroom, granary and the like.

The typical Coorg looks like an Arab with a long face, a long nose like a scimitar and large lustrous eyes with blonde skin and clean complexion. There are also flat-nosed specimens with dark skins, but they are exceptions. Hence the ethnic affinity with Arabs suggested by certain very observant writers like Mr. Hilton Brown. The peculiar National dress – black or white gown with waist-band and wide sleeves and short and long sword, the former curved like a scimitar, the colour of complexion and the cut of face, the wearing of pyjamas at home and of handkerchiefs over the head as a common head dress, the

garments of the women, veil and hood, the practice of eating from plates laid on table-cloths, the bridegroom eating from the same plate as the brother-in-law, the engaging in coffee cultivation, the cutting off of plantain-stalks with the bigger sword and wiping it off on the cut stalk representing the conquest by the sword, these are traits that link them with the Arabs; but any theory of early Arab settlers in Coorg, possibly earlier than even the days of the Prophet should be based on more definite facts and mere resemblance is nothing.

At their marriage festivals there is dancing and drinking in plenty; the latter alas very much to be deplored, but the former quite happy and hilarious, full of rhythm and rapid movement, graceful steps and beautiful posturings. The women have given up their dance and only look on.

Altogether it is a pleasant land where the people, brave and generous lead a happy and pleasant life.

"Our happy land
Like the bright and starry heaven
Full of villages and houses
Houses full of blooming children
Like a garden full of flowers;
And the Young men fine and Stately
Like the royal *Sampige*.

A Pointed Letter.

The following is said to be a copy of a letter sent by a member of the legal profession to a person who was indebted to one of his clients:—

'Sir, I am desired to apply to you for the sum of 20£ due to my client Mr. Jones. If you send me the money by this day week you will oblige me—if not I shall oblige you.'

Law Students Helper.

INSURANCE--A NECESSITY

BY T. R. SESHA IYER

"I consider that from every point of view it is one of the essentials of Modern Life and speaking personally, I have been so convinced of the advantages of Insurance that I have taken out Endowment and ordinary policies for fairly large amounts."—

Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer.

Meaning of Insurance.

Ramagopal is one of a group of 100 persons, each of whom owns a house for Rs. 5000 each. They assume that one of these houses will be burnt down this year, but which one they cannot foretell. To meet this possible contingency they may do either of two things. Wait until the fire occurs and allow the owner whose house is destroyed to suffer the loss or contribute Rs. 50 each to a fund payable to the one sustaining the loss. They choose the second plan and for a relatively small sum protect themselves against a ruinous loss. This is one form of insurance.

The pupils in your class agree to pay one anna a week for lost books. This is insurance against loss or theft.

The same principles are applied to meet every form of human endeavour. Life, Health, Motor, Accident, Marine, Transit, Fire, Theft are some of the common calamities which every man in the world comes across either through his own neglect or through the neglect of others.

Insurance Companies

Instead of individuals grouping their savings for common security, business organizations, known as Insurance Companies assume the risks and pay out claims as and when they occur. The Company is called the Insurer; the patron, the Insured; the agreement of contract between the two, the Policy; and the sum paid for assuming the risk, the Premium. Statistics covering every line of their activity are maintained which enable them to base their business on scientific grounds. In fact nothing is left there to chance. Statistics show that next year so many

people will die of so many diseases, so many houses will be burnt, so many cars will meet with accidents, so much goods will be lost or stolen or damaged in transit and so on. The one essential principle therefore in Insurance is that it is based on a scientific basis.

Life Insurance.

Normal people desire to live to a ripe old age, but Mortality Tables show that there are many who do not so live. Thrift dictates that every man shall invest a portion of his income in life insurance for his support in old age or for his dependents in case of death of the insured, before his policy becomes due. The single man who sees no reason to save becomes the married man who has no money to save. There may be no one dependent upon you now but that some day there will be an old man dependent upon you -YOURSELF. It is to prevent fate from doing much harm to man's dependents that the institution of life Insurance was founded. Today this has saved lacs of families from utter ruin, terrible poverty and insufferable calamity. Dr. S. S. Huebner of the Wharton School of Finance says:—"Life Insurance is a husband's duty, wife's right and child's claim."

Inherit Estate—not Liability

Life insurance is nothing but placing a value on life. It is the capitilization of one's income. We take care of the values of property, but seldom do we take care of the economic value of life. We buy motor cars on the instalment plan, and life insurance is nothing but buying an estate on the instalment plan. The Companies agree to give you a certain amount of estate on a certain date and you pay for it every year or at smaller intervals according to your convenience. With Life Insurance, with you every liability ceases and on the other hand estates are created with no liability after you for your dependents. You leave an estate, instead of a liability. If you are unable to pay your creditors during life, they are certainly paid at your death, if you do not live to receive the moneys, and your children at least are freed from debt, interest and charges.

When to Insure.

The best age for insurance is from 18 to 25 years in Endowment Policies maturing at ages 50, 55 or 60 according to the man's status and necessities. In any case, it is essential

the insurance is applied for at as early an age as possible to save higher cost for higher ages and avoid the chance of Companies refusing Insurance. It may be surprising to many of us to know that one big company rejected as many as 18000 applicants who had in the aggregate applied for nearly Rs. 21 crores. Therefore it is the duty of the father to take out policies for his sons if they are not already established in life. When this is done the son will acquire the Insurance and Saving Habit and continue the policy. Even from the father's stand-point, sons are to be insured as they have spent appreciable amounts on their education and probably they are also married and if some calamity should befall on the young life when he is about to undertake responsibilities of life, the father alone will feel the burden. An Insurance on the boy's life will materially remove the hardship of the suffering young wife.

Children's Education.

In the case of a boy, modern expenditure on education is considerable and it generally begins from the age of 10 going up according to the aptitude of the parent and student. Heavy expenditure has to be incurred in University and Professional studies for at least 6 years when they reach the highest. For all such cases, if they are provided out of current income by means of a Policy, expenditure is not felt. So that whether the parent lives or not, a decent education for the child is assured. If unfortunately the child dies, another can be substituted or payments made received back.

Girl's Marriage.

What happens to a boy happens to a girl. The girl has to be married at a certain age and it is the wish of even the poorest to give her to as accomplished a husband as possible. What w now generally do is to wait till the age of marriage and one fine day we are face to face with a big expenditure according to the station in life. We are either forced to take out of our capital, sell property or incur debt. Instead of thus putting ourselves in an inconvenient and uncomfortable position, a parent can now-a-days easily provide for her whether he lives or not. The Companies place all their financial resources and experience for the benefit of such schemes and help to maintain the

objects of the endowment by paying the money only for such specific purposes at specified dates and relieving the parent on his death from future obligation on his estate.

Who should Insure.

Every man in the world, whatever his source of income, whatever his amount of income, has to insure his life and protect his home. Every child in the household has to be provided for by an Educational Policy and every girl by a Marriage Endowment.

Where to Insure.

In India, people say that the economic condition is bad. While this is perfectly true, in a majority of cases, their own economics is bad. Either they do not save and cultivate the habit of thrift and foresight and insure with Indian Insurance Companies or they neglect their duty to support such economic institutions by actively helping foreign insurance companies by insuring there. Where to insure can better be answered by the Late Lala Lajpat Rai's words :—

> "It is an undoubted fact that the amount of money taken by Foreign Insurance Companies constitutes a large annual drain on the resources of India and it is the duty of Indians to check this drain and capture the insurance business as far as practicable. I am told that at least ten crores of rupees go out of India every year in the shape of premiums on all the different classes of insurance business."

What is Life Insurance ?

Life Insurance is service. It is not a commodity. It does not make money. It saves money. It uses the money of its members for the protection of the beneficiaries and to safeguard old age. It is the best kind of investment not because it makes money but because it conserves money and keeps its members' money. Individuals, as a rule, cannot invest safely. In groups of lakhs through Life Insurance, they have become the greatest and safest of all investors. Conditions of living change, but life does not change. Life insurance, therefore, to men becomes a part of a great moral and sociological plan. They begin somewhere, they aim at something. They conserve the products of human labour and make realities out of dreams, the dreams of human affection.

FROM THE WORLD'S TABLOID

BY A GALLOPPING GOSSIPPER

Soviet War on Religion The Soviet campaign against Religion and Christianity has had world-wide repurcussions and has aroused great indignation throughout Christian Europe. It is interesting in this connection to get a gleaning into the real nature of Stalin's war against Religion and the methods used for propaganda. Despite Stalin's ruthless dictatorship over the Soviet and rigorous censorship of news, copies of Moscow 'Red Gazette' have been smuggled out of Russia, and portions from the same have been published in the American Press. One of these issues contains a letter despatched to the Pope, giving the official reply of the Soviet executive to his recent utterances against them and the concluding portion of the same is quite characteristic of the nature of their propaganda and the hymn of hate engendered by the Soviet against the Pope under Stalin's regime. The letter concludes thus—"You may curse us as much as you like but we will not deviate from the road laid down for us by Lenin. The day will come when the godless workers will transform the Vatican into a museum where the effigy of the Pope will be exhibited side by side with that of Siberian sorcerers. We will always fight religion and the Pope whom some consider a representative of God on earth, is nothing more than a valet for capitalism." European statesmen are greatly exercised over this latest turn of the Soviet and some writers in the continental press see in this a call for a new war of the crusades against Soviet Russia, considering the recent enlarged powers and status of the Pope.

Russian Calendar. This compaign coupled with the workers' 'demand for a five day week have brought in its train an inevitable alteration of Russian Calendar. Various attempts have been made at the reform of the calendar, including a similar one in France, at the end of the French Revolution but nothing so drastic has ever been attempted as the one drafted by the Russian Government. The new Russian calendar contains some interesting features. The Bolshevist era begins from

1917, the year of the Russian Revolution, which shall be year one and the New Year's day will be November 7, the anniversary of the beginning of the Revolution. The year is divided into 360 working days and 5 holidays and consists of 12 months which retain their present name. Each month is divided into six weeks containing five working days apiece. The holidays are not included in any month but are interposed at suitable intervals between months. The names of the week days remain the same except that Saturday and Sunday have been suppressed and so disappear.

Mussoloni Dynasty. Dictatorship to dynasty is a gradual and natural evolution and History is not without parallel instances. Shrewd politician that Mussoloni is, he has a charming way of doing things and the recent marriage of his daughter Edda Mussoloni and Count Cranco in Rome, is the thin end of the wedge and paves the way for the foundation of a Mussoloni dynasty in Italy. The choice of a successor to Mussoloni has always been a difficult problem for the Fascists and various prominent fascists including Arnaldo Mussoloni, the Duce's brother were suggested in this connection but this recent marriage of the Dictator's daughter to the son of Constanza Cranco, seems to have put a seal on the nomination of the daughter's father-in-law as the only successor. In fact Count Cranco was unanimously chosen by the Supreme Fascist Council as the successor to the present Dictator when the occasion should arise and this marriage will indeed lay the foundation of Mussoloni Dynasty!

Mechanical Policeman. "Mechanical Policeman!" The words do not convey anything to us here nor do we understand much from this cryptic phrase. But it is the American term for the latest and most novel experiment in crime detection, the introduction of the Teletype or Telephone Typewriter system in Police organisation and communications which the whole American Press welcomes as the most original and effective crook catching machinery of recent times. The land of millions is also the land for dramatic crimes and criminals and in the United States of America, 'Gangster,' 'Gunmen' and 'Bunks' are words of familiar parlance as much as 'stickups' and Bank robberies are of frequent

occurrence. The automobile has made the fields of the gangster or the stickup man, safe and easy, in America, since by buying a gun and stealing an auto he has the best equipment for committing countless crimes in a short time and insuring his safe getaway. To combat this modern criminal with his high powered cars and quick getaways, the 'Mechanical Policeman' has been introduced which ensures instant concerted Police action and thus facilitates immediate capture of criminals. Perry Kittredge in the course of a descriptive and highly interesting article in a New York journal, states that the machine resembles an overweight typewriter with a key board protruding from a black steel-covered box and this box is connected directly by telegraph wires to receiving machines in the police stations throughout the city As the operator types his message the message, word by word, is automatically recorded on all receiving sets, the operator seeing the message before him in the exact form in which it is appearing at each sub-station. Day and night an operator is at work at the Headquarters, and as soon as he receives the report of a hold up or robbery, he types a general alarm on the machine, which instantaneously appears on the receiving machines in every police station in the city. On receipt of the message, police cars and cycles set out from all stations, with the result that in five minutes the whole city is honeycombed with the Police alertly awaiting the bandits and their car. The performance of the machine is weird and almost uncanny and has proved a great success in instant capture of gangs and criminals red handed, with the stuff on. The invention marks a great step in the progress of crime detection and our readers can have a clear idea of the nature, working and speedy success of the machine from the following two messages :—

9-15. P. M ,—Message given by Capt. Edwards: Mr. Martin, company clerk, held up by two men at corner of North Mam Street, driving a Dodge, and relieved of £ 100/- 9-45 P. M.— Reply Message— To Capt. Edwards: Bandits driving Dodge captured in Broadway with the Bank notes on.

All within 30 minutes.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Twentieth Century Poetry. An Anthology chosen by Harold Monro (Chetto & Windus, 3/6.

This is by far the best anthology of Modern Poetry that has come to my notice. When I say so, I do not let down the competent anthologies selected by Mr. Methuen and Sir Henry Newbolt. What I do mean however is that Mr. Monro's is the nearest approach to the justly glorified tradition of 'The Golden Treasury' of Palgrave. In this latter, the selection is not more important than the arrangement, and the whole book, far from being a collocation of many pieces, has the mark of a homogeneous entity. Such too is the quality that singles out Mr. Monro's anthology from the numerous others in the book market. Mr. Monro, moreover, is a poet of eminence and his critical and winnowing faculty is beyond question. He claims in his Introduction for his anthology a negative and two positive merits. His is not a mere rehash from other anthologies; rather, "it is the product of a wide and diligent investigation of nearly all the books published in this century." Lastly, he tells us that about 600 volumes have been specially reread for compiling this anthology. The result, has been a book of poetry which will endure for a long time to come. Within 250 pages of delightful print are brought together the quintessence of recent English Poetry as manifested in about 80 writers. The elders like Bridges, Masefield, Hardy, Yeats, Houseman and Maynell are here as also those of the younger generation like Bottomley, Blunden, Eliot, and Mr. Monro himself. Free verse is here in the selections from Erza Pound, the three poems of depressing fatality on the 'Mockery of Life,' by W. S. Blunt are here, and that wonderful poem 'Garden' by the ambiguous H. D. is also amidst its natural surroundings. The encomiums of Arnold Bennett, Sylvia Lund and Earle Welby are richly deserved. The present anthology is unique and its well merited popularity is bound to grow with time. Mr. Monro in the task of editing and Messrs. Chatto & Windus in their task of publishing so handy a volume at so modest a price have acquitted themselves nobly.

K. R. S.

Report of the Third Kerala Literary Conference.

(സമസ്ത കേരള സാഹിത്യ പരിഷത്ത് — തൃതീയ സമ്മേളനം.)

Very much more than the space at our command is required even to catalogue the headlines of the addresses delivered, the papers placed, the poems read and the other events that took place during the

third session of the All Kerala Literary Conference, of which the volume under review is the report.

The Conference held four sittings, each presided over by a different individual, the third sitting being entirely in charge of the women litterateurs of Kerala and presided over by Srimati Kalyani Amma, the talented wife of the late lamented Ramakrishna Pillai of "Swadeshabhimani" fame.

Mr. Mallur Govinda Pillai, president of the first sitting, after discussing the theories as to the origin of the Malayalam language and pointing out the several types of literary productions and their place in literature, suggests ways and means to enrich the all too poor stock of books.

The only matter adverted to by Mr. Maman Mapillai in his presidential address at the second sitting is the necessity for the founding of an All-Kerala University.

Srimati Kalyani Amma summarises her suggestions for the improvement and development of Malayalam literature under these headings—publication of old "Granthas" in a renovated form with useful commentaries, writing of new books, translation from other languages of works on scientific subjects, compilation of a lexicon, adding to the knowledge of the mother tongue among the Malayalees and encouraging the literateurs.

Mr. C. S. Subramanian Poti's presidential address is to some extent autobiographical. He puts in a plea for a departure from the traditional lines of composition advocated by the Sanskritists and points out some of his works themselves as example of such departure.

Ullur's "Kisasandesham" Unnikrishnan Nair's "Pushpagitam" and K. K. K. K Kurup's "Kairali Prarthana" are some of the notable poems read. Mr. Pisharoti's "Lipe Sathvranyam", Krishna Pillai's "C. V., "Vidwan Harisharma's "Nikandu Nirmanam" Ikkavu Amma's "Responsibilities of Literary men", Ammalu Amma's "Literary Criticism" and Anandavalli Amma's Ideals of womanhood as portrayed in eastern and western literatures" are some of the very good lectures delivered or papers placed before the conference.

The one thing that strikes and staggers us in the report of the exhibition held is the list given of the very large number of defunct newspapers and other periodicals. Here is food for thought for the Malayalam loving public.

Unlike many of its kind this report is not of ephemeral but of permanent value. It also fully bears out the excellence associated with the publications of Mr. P. V. Krishna Variyar and the Kottakkal Lakshmi Sahyam Press.

M. S. K.

NOTES

Swadeshi

Even people who honestly believe that all this sacrifice and suffering caused by the Civil Disobedience movement can well have been saved, cannot but be pleased with the impetus given to the movement of Swadeshi. The word "boycott" might frighten some, and the objection that it implies hatred and connotes a primary political aim, may have some force, but with the ideal of Swadeshi no one can or ought to have any objection. There can be no harm in wishing or even insisting that one should purchase things made in his own country, even that a certain amount of preference should be given to them; it is being done by every self-respecting country, let us remember. But the difficulty just at present is that many do not know what things could be got in our own country. It is to be wished that the efforts being made to publish a Directory of Swadeshi goods will soon materialise. Special efforts should be made to bring the knowledge to the notice of the student-folk. When they come to know, for example, all kinds of toilet requisites are being manufactured next door to them, that all their sartorial needs could as satisfactorily be met by the produce of our own home industries, as by the foreign variety, that the mills in Bombay and elsewhere are languishing for want of custom and are closing down, and that several premier pharmaceutical works, run by some of our most eminent scientists, manufacture all our medicinal goods, from a toothpaste to a disinfectant, surely their innate patriotism, strengthened by the present favourable political atmosphere will make them without much inducement to go in for such goods in preference to foreign ones. To our indigenous manufacturers also we would say one word. It is not enough that they manufacture things which are not inferior to the foreign ones; indeed, people would patronise them even if their goods were not very much inferior. But it is their duty to see that they advertise their wares properly, that their wares are very well displayed, and brought to the notice of the public. It is here that the students could usefully help. The large sums that they every day spend on sundries may usefully be spent on Indian goods,

if spend they must, so that the money may be retained in our own country. Where such Indian things could not be got in the local market, the students could do the purchasing and selling by organising a small co-operative society on a small scale for themselves; we are sure that in this attempt they could easily secure the guidance and help of their teachers.

Our Exports.

Sir P. C. Roy in opening the Swadeshi Exhibition at Madras made the following thought-provoking remarks:—

It causes me, as a chemist, deep anguish of mind to find that over 14 crores worth of oilseed (chiefly groundnut) is exported abroad from your province, out of India's total export of 26½ crores of oilseeds. The total weight of the oilseed exported comes up to 12 lakhs of tons. When it is remembered that nearly two-thirds of the weight represents oil-cake which is a valuable cattle-food as also a manure the loss to the country is simply incalculable. Moreover, the oil extracted from it in the foreign lands e.g., Holland, Belgium, etc., when hydrogenated, returns to us as vegetable ghee, which we have to buy again at a far higher price. How utterly helpless we are!

The Educated Unemployed.

He had some hard things to say regarding the craze for University Education and "the Educated Unemployed." The one remedy which has hitherto suggested itself to our leaders and educationists is the multiplication of universities. Create new universities and manufacture graduates *ad infinitum* and unemployment will be removed. Evidently they proceed on the homeopathic principle: *similia simlibus curantar*. Within the last few years two new universities have been created in your own province and I seriously question the wisdom of those who are responsible for them. Take again the United Provinces. Formerly, the University of Allahabad used to cater for the entire province, but now we find that you have some half-a-dozen additional ones which have sprung into existence mushroom-like. I need not enumerate them. Since the War, there has also come about in Central Europe, as elsewhere a widespread desire on the part of the lower classes for higher education. The result has been an annual production by the universities of what is called intellectual proletarians,—hybrids for whom there

is no place in the classes of employment to which they aspire. As a result they mostly go to swell the ranks of extremists. * * The lack of occupational outlets, the swelling of the rank of the educated unemployed and the keen competition for what little is available, have resulted in frequent student riots and race conflicts.

Turning out Workers

The world famous motor millionare of America, Mr. Henry Ford, spends as magnificiently as he earns, on public causes. Education has always had a soft corner in his heart, but not the literary and cultural variety that obtains in India now. He has set apart 100 million dollars for building workers' schools throughout the United States, which will fit pupils for various jobs for which there is scope. The object aimed at is best said in the words of the donor himself. We take the following from an interview in an American paper :—

> Society owes it to the young people to educate them for useful citizenship. When students come out of school, people should want them. They should be in demand, and not find themselves shifting aimlessly without a definite purpose in life. If taught properly, every boy could go to his employer, on leaving school, and say he was fit for a particular job. Now they say, "I went through the high school, or college." That does not mean anything But if they could say that they are a mechanist, a chemist or a cabinet-maker, that does mean something.
>
> Academic subjects will be taught in the lower grades, but as soon as the students are ready for it, they will be given vocational training. All the arts will be taught. When a student is graduated, he not only will have a good basic education, but a trade that will enable him to immediately put his mind and his energy to practical application. The students will be taught to buy and sell, to be traders as well as mechanics

It needs only to be added that these schools are intended to be self-supporting through the labour of the pupils. The more there are such schools in proper working, the less will be the dread problem of unemployment in that country. But when will India have such schools, and when will arise such a beneficiary, an Indian Ford who will earn handsomely—only to give handsomely?

191406

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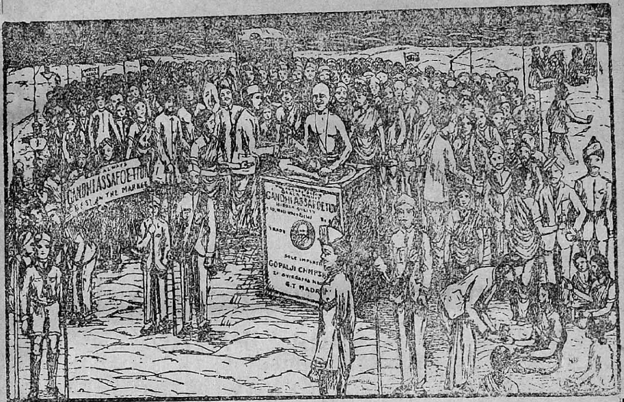

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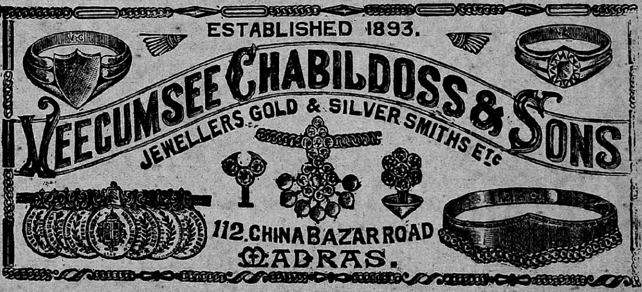

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